BLACKTHORNE PUBLISHING

No. 1

$1.75 U.S.
$2.50 CANADA

RIVIT

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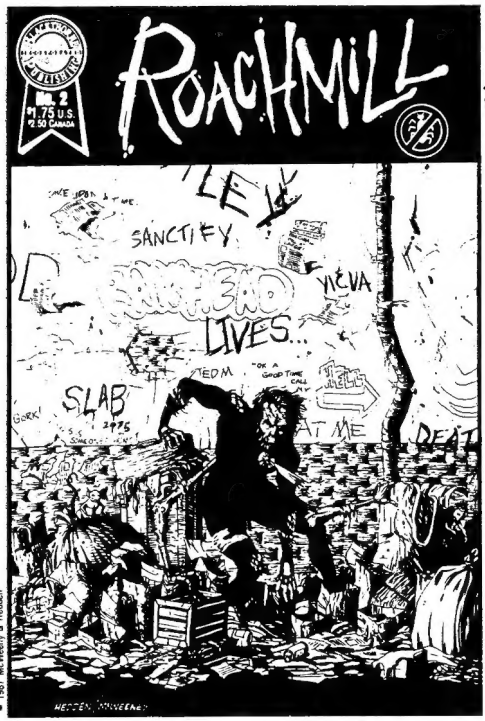

ROACHMILL #2 - 32 page, black and white, bi-monthly comic with full color, laser-scanned covers.
$1.75 ($2.50 Canada)

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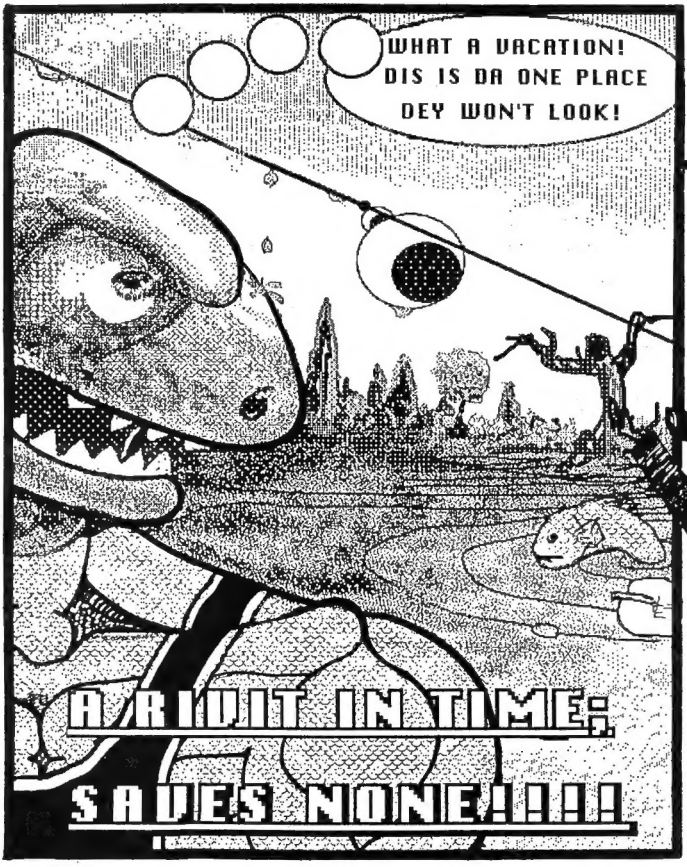


CO-CREATED BY:

WILLIAM CLAUSEN AND MICHAEL KELLY

"BAREBONES" ADAPTATION OF TE SHRT STORY:
"NOT ON THE FIRST DATE" BY LEIULF.
REMIXED FOR RIVIT BY:
WILLIAM AND LEIULF CLAUSEN
VOCALS AND OVERDUBS SCRIPTED BY
WILL & LEIULF WITH MARVIN NELSON
SDC SCRIPT INPUT - JIM PEARCE, SCOTT EBERT, RICK BORI & KURT?
HIP "XPAIRING CREATED & DESIGNED BY WM.CLAUSEN
PROJ. KARUT DESIGNED BY WM.CLAUSEN & STEVE GARRIS
LETTERING - MARVIN NELSON & WM. CLAUSEN.
LETTER ASSIST - MARK ALLEN SMITH & CHRISTI RYERSON

ARTISTS (IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER
ALICE CLAUSEN - 2
LEIULF CLAUSEN - 1, 2, 3, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.
WILLIAM CLAUSEN 1, 6, 7, 12, 18, 19, 20
JOHN DOOLEY - 4
MARILYN DRAVING - 5
RICHARD JOHNSON - 21
MICHAEL KELLY - 8
JIM MCDIVITT - 11, 12
CLAYT MORE - 18, 19, 22
MARVIN NELSON - 9, 10, 11, 12, 19

THIS IS GREAT! SOON I'LL OWN THAT DARK GREEN TAN THAT DRIVES THE CHICKS WILD!!
HRMMPH! THAT JERK AT THE BAIT AND TACKLE SAID THESE WORMS WOULD LAST ALL DAY BUT I ATE 'EM ALL IN ONE BITE!!
SPEAKING OF BITES ··· I THINK I HOOKED A BIG ONE!!

UNNAGGHHH!!
I HOPE MY LINE HOLDS UP!
I HOPE MY PANTS HOLD OUT!!!
HEY, PUT ME DOWN!!

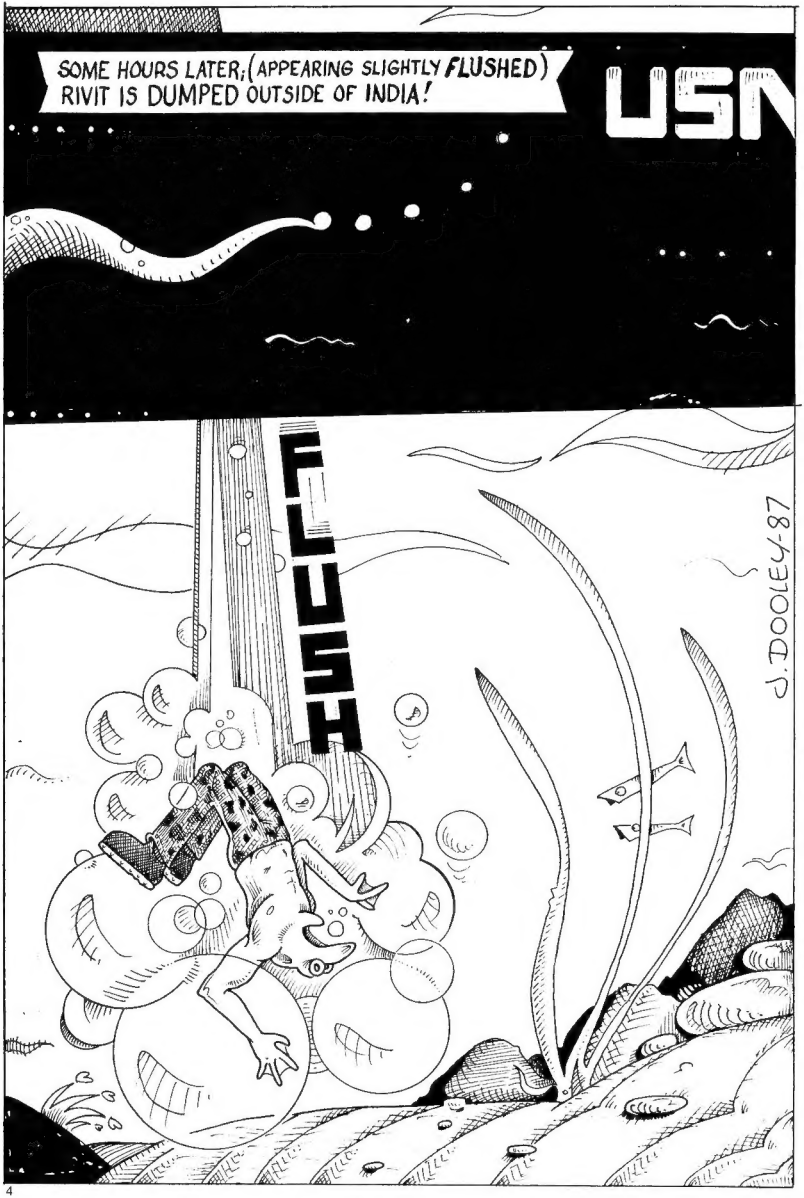
O.K.!!
RRIIIPP!!!
ONO!!

ALL RIGHT! I LANDED IT! HMMM... STRANGE LOOKING FISH!

I'M NO FISH... I'M A SEAL!!!
MAKES NO MATTER... I'M STILL STARVED!!

CUT THE JOKES! THE PENTAGON'S CURTAILED YOUR R+R!!

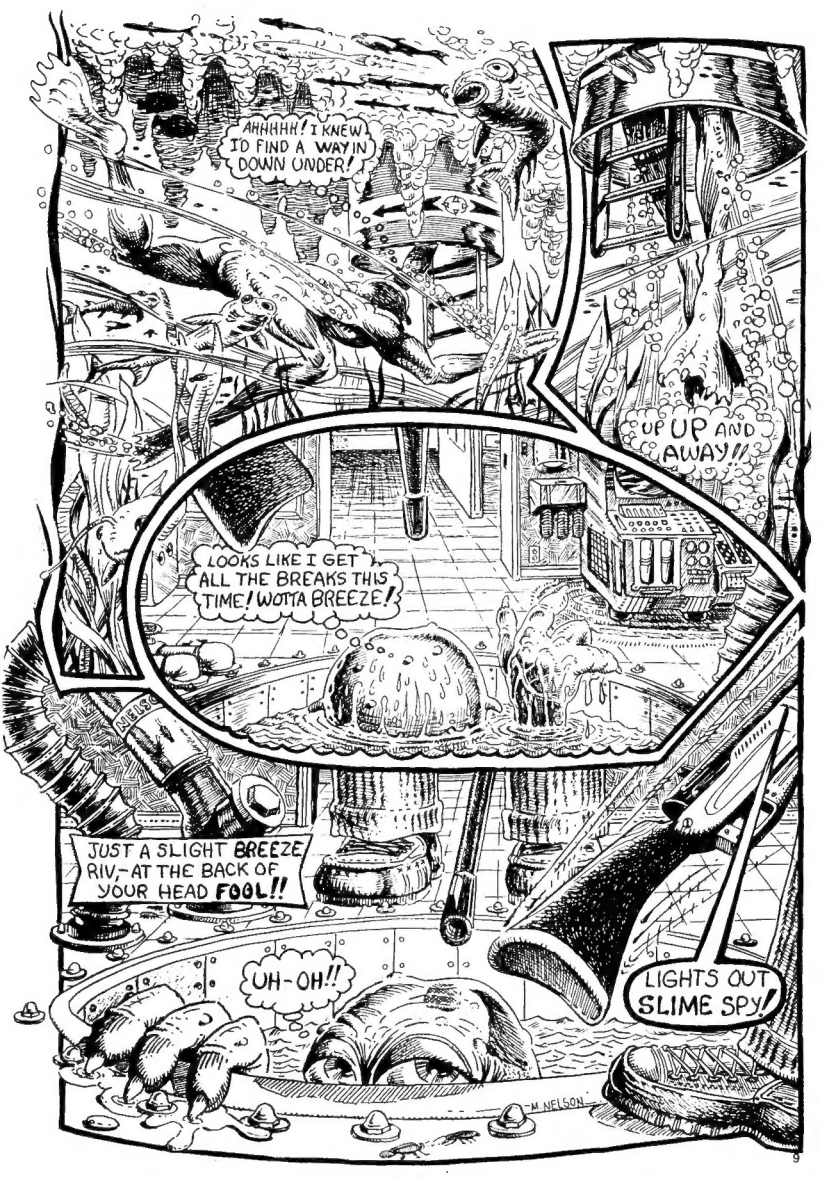
I'M NOT JOKING AND I'M NOT GOING!!
SORRY, WE NEED A FROGMAN, AND YOU'RE IT!!


SOME HOURS LATER; (APPEARING SLIGHTLY FLUSHED)
RIVIT IS DUMPED OUTSIDE OF INDIA!
USN
FLUSH
J. DOOLEY-87

IN A SINGLE DISGRACEFUL MOVEMENT, RIVIT CATCHES A FLOATING CIGAR IN HIS TEETH, AND A TUNA CAN ON HIS HEAD!!!
FEELING ECSTATICLY ENVIGERATED, HE RACES ELECTRO-CHARGED THROUGH CHILLING CRYSTAL CURRENTS.,.
...EYEBALLING A HAPPY SNORKEL RAY, WHO CAME CALLING.....
GOOD DAY!
SCORED! IT'S A HAVANNA!
AH! AN ALBACORE HORN!
IF I ONLY HAD THE TIME...
I WOULD GO WILD IN THIS LIVING SMORGASBORG!
SECONDS LATER AT THE SECRET ENTRANCE....
I THINK I'LL DEEP-SIX THESE USELESS AIR TANKS AND THIRD-RATE HAT!
OCTOPUS! NOW THAT'S MY TYPE OF FAST FOOD!
CIGAR'S THOUGH! GREAT SCUBA!

AHHH... LUNCH!!! YUM!!!
I JUST LOST MY APPETITE!!!
W CLAUSEN

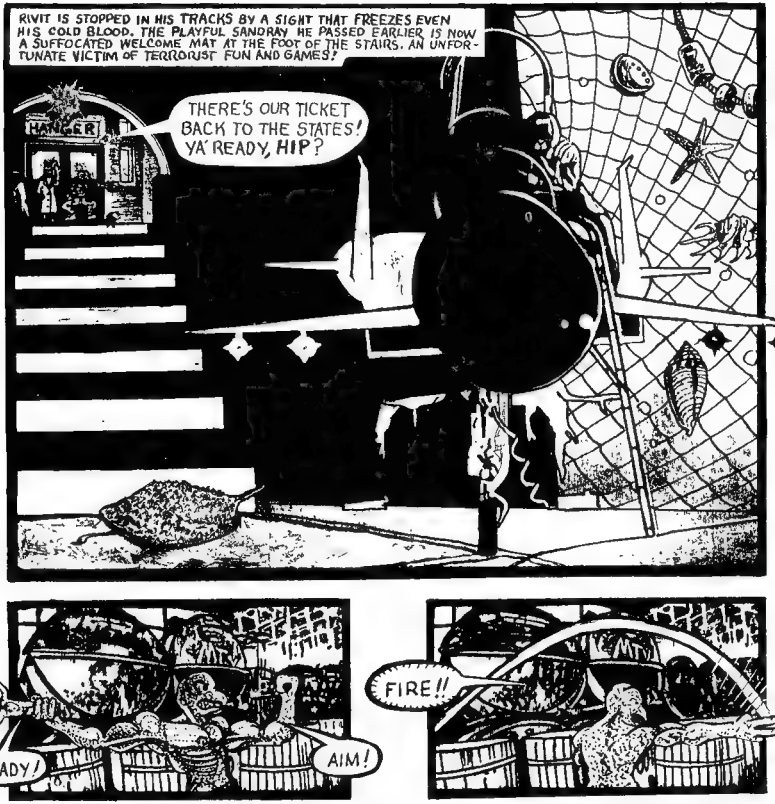
FOR SLIPPERY SPAWN OF SPACEY SEA····
···MY TRUSTY BLADE OF ENERGY!
ASSAAN···
··CHOP!
SOME QUICK EXERCISE AND THEN·····
TELL THE PRESIDENT I'VE GOT S'MORE ARMS TO SEND TO IRAN!
BUT THE JOKE IS ON HIM! AS A RUN-AWAY RIP-TIDE RIPS OFF HIS TROUSERS!


AHHHHH! I KNEW I'D FIND A WAY IN DOWN UNDER!
UP UP AND AWAY!!
LOOKS LIKE I GET ALL THE BREAKS THIS TIME! WOTTA BREEZE!
JUST A SLIGHT BREEZE RIV,- AT THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD FOOL!!
UH-OH!!
LIGHTS OUT SLIME SPY!
M NELSON

RIVIT AWAKENS TO FIND HIMSELF CHAINED AND SOON TO BE INTERROGATED!!!
TALK NOW AND I MIGHT GO LIGHT ON YA TOAD!!
SORRY DOC! CAN'T TALK NOW! I SEEM TO HAVE A FROG STUCK IN MY THROAT!!
ERRRRR-
OK LIME SLURPEE! MAYBE MY FRIEND BONECRUSHER HERE CAN HELP YA CLEAR YOUR THROAT!
OL' DOC SHOULD HAVE STUCK AROUND!! NOW THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL A FROG IN THE THROAT! INTRODUCING HIP-HOPALONG!
LIKE DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT "FREES" YA MAN!!
CHAINS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE! YOU DIG?

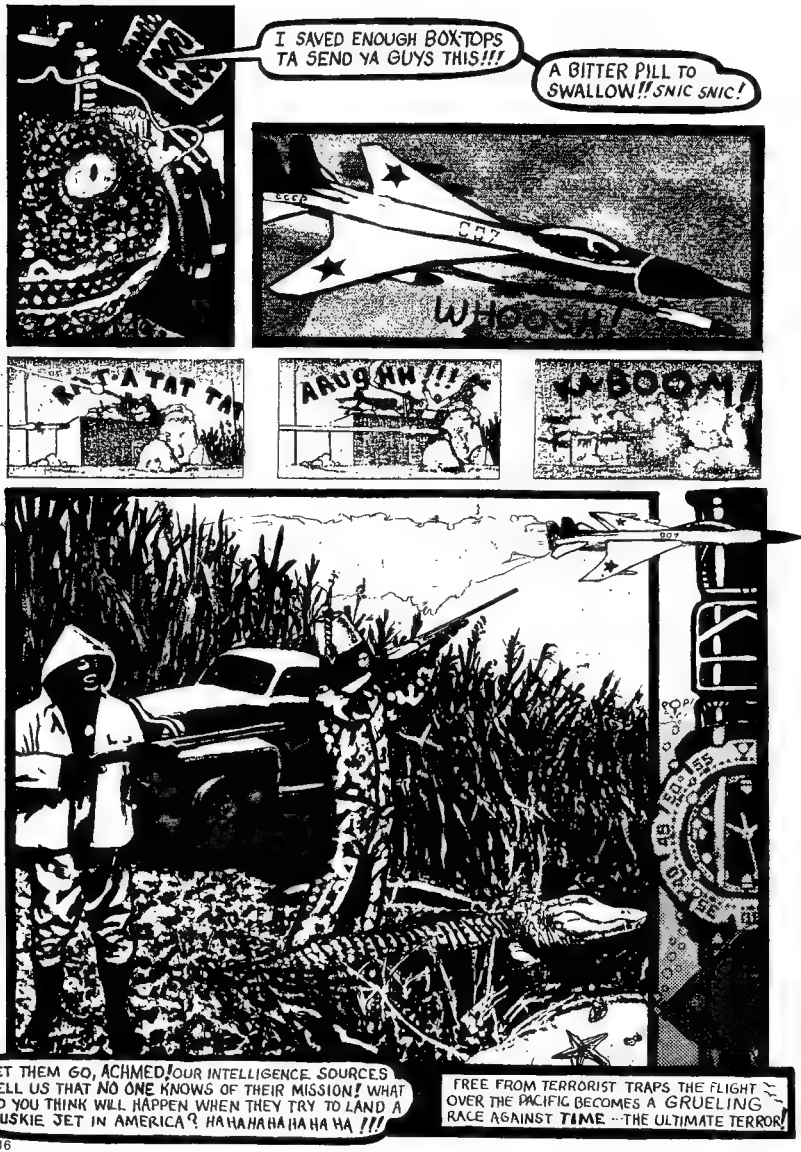
COME HERE SHORTY! IT TIME TO FEED ME LIZARD!!
ONE QUICK TUG AND I'M FREE! I'LL JUST SLIP BEHIND THIS MONSTER WHILE HIP KEEPS HIM OCCUPIED!!
NO SENSE TAKING ANY CHANCES, SO I'LL JUST BLEND IN!
HIP-HOPALONG! ONE OF NATURES UNTOUCHABLES—A POISONOUS FROG!! IT LOOKS LIKE BEDTIME FOR BONE-CRUSHER!
AHHHH - GOT YA! MAYBE I JUST GO STRETCH YO ARMS AND MAKES ME A NECKLACE!!
WHAT THE FU....
AAAAAAHHH!
YOU'RE GETTING AWFUL HARD TO HANDLE HIP!! SNIC, SNIC, SNIC!
MAN, FOR SOME MY TOUCH IS JUST TOOOO MUCH!!!
WAIT!!
RIVIT REMOVES BONECRUSHERS WATCH!

OU MUST RELEASE ME!! PROFESSOR WÜLFGANG KRAUT!!
HA HA HA! YOU SURE HAVE FUNNY EARS FOR A WORLD FAMOUS SCIENTIST!
LOOK WHO'S TALKING!
DEN YOU KNOW OF ME? I'M SAVED!
YEAH, YOU'RE THE GEEK PROFESSOR WHO RUINED MY VACATION!
I'M DEAD!
WHY, I OTTA' SMASH YOUR PUNY SKULL!
O-DERE IT IZ, BEHIND Y-YOU
A WISE-GUY, EH? TOO BAD I CAN'T KILL YOU! UH, YOUR 'BABYS' GONE WILD!
MEIN BOMB?
YES! TERRORISTS HAVE SET IT TO BLOW IN THE GOOD OL' U.S.!
B BUT I N-NEVER...
...MENT IT TO HARM ANY BODY? HA HA HA!
NO! ALL YOUR KIND EVER THINKS OF, IS THE BIG BUCK!
T-THAT'S NOT TRUE!
DEN LETS GO!!
I VANT NO BLOOD ON MY HANDS!
HEY! NO TIME FOR DEBATES! I MUST HAVE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS FOR OVER A DAY!!
THIS IS WAR, KRAUT! EVERYONE GETS STAINED!


RIVIT IS STOPPED IN HIS TRACKS BY A SIGHT THAT FREEZES EVEN HIS COLD BLOOD. THE PLAYFUL SANDRAY HE PASSED EARLIER IS NOW A SUFFOCATED WELCOME MAT AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS. AN UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF TERRORIST FUN AND GAMES?
HANGER
THERE'S OUR TICKET BACK TO THE STATES! YA' READY, HIP?
READY!
AIM!
FIRE!!
CCCP
WHAT IN THE HELL IS THAT?
DIRECT HIT!
CCCP
MMORPH···GLORRPH
SMLORPHH··MLPPP·

LIKE WOW! I SURE COULD'A DUG SAMPLIN' THOSE GROOVY SEA ANENOMIES GROWING OUTSIDE THE HANGER, DUDES!
FERGIT IT HIP! WITH FRIENDS LIKE YOU WHO NEEDS "ANENOMIES"!
KWIT CLOWNING! DIST IS SERIOUS! LOOK OUT!!
DON'T LET THEM GET BY! THE PRISONERS ARE ESCAPING! SHOOT TO KILL!

BOMBAY IS A BLEACHED SKULL OF EMBATTLEMENTS JUTTING AGAINST A SAVAGE SKY. OUR HEROES FIND THEMSELVES STREAKING FOR FREEDOM. THEIR PATH BLOCKED BY JAGGED TEETH OF LEAD-SPEWING DEATH PITS... TERRORIST PILL BOXES!!
ATTENTION ALL UNITS: WHOEVER BRINGS THEM DOWN WILL BE REWARDED WITH ASSIGNMENTS AS LIVING BOMBS IN OUR NEXT STRIKE.


I SAVED ENOUGH BOX-TOPS TA SEND YA GUYS THIS!!!
A BITTER PILL TO SWALLOW!! SNIC SNIC!
CCCP
WHOOSH!
RAT-A TAT TAT
ARUGHH!!!
KA-BOOM!!
POP!
LET THEM GO, ACHMED! OUR INTELLIGENCE SOURCES TELL US THAT NO ONE KNOWS OF THEIR MISSION! WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL HAPPEN WHEN THEY TRY TO LAND A RUSKIE JET IN AMERICA? HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!
FREE FROM TERRORIST TRAPS THE FLIGHT OVER THE PACIFIC BECOMES A GRUELING RACE AGAINST TIME ... THE ULTIMATE TERROR!

BOY, WILL THEY BE GLAD TO SEE US··· AUGHHHH !!!
JOE

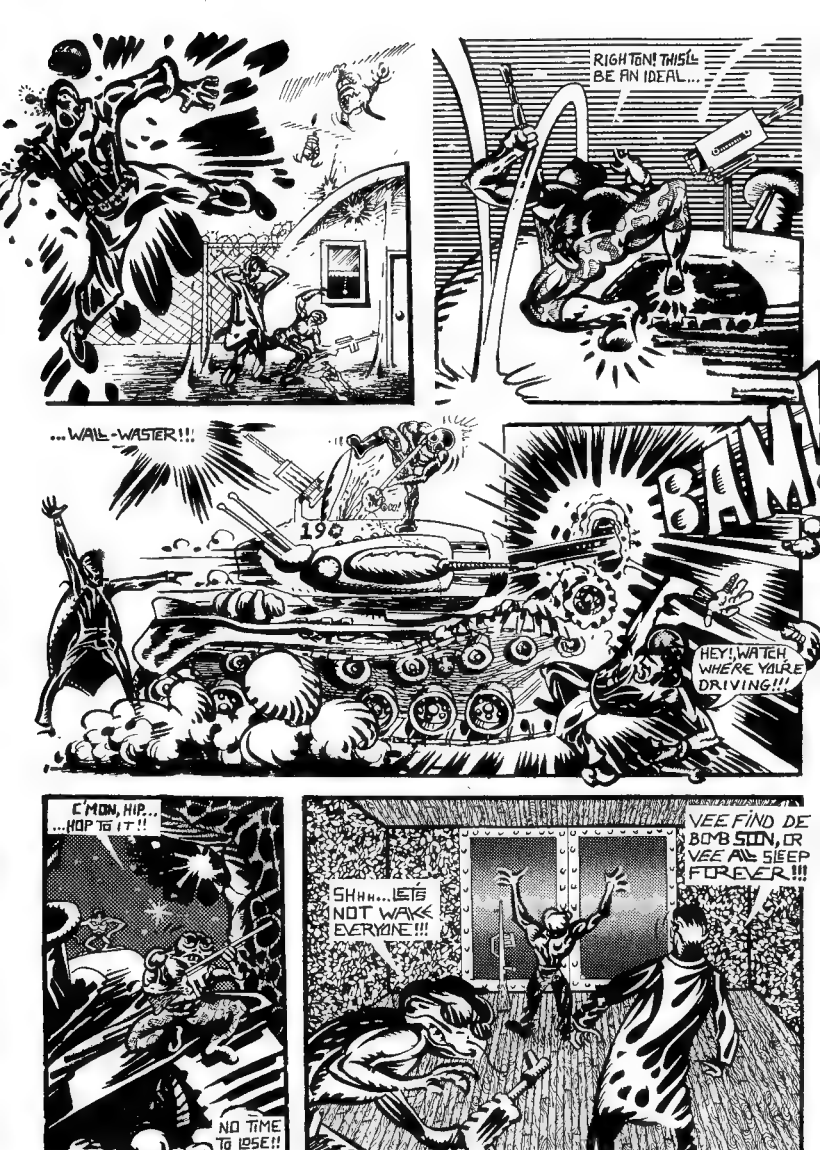
THE STILL SMOLDERING DEBRIS DECORATE A DESOLATE DESSERT DOMAIN!

GROUND UNITS CONFIRM EAGLE-KILL!

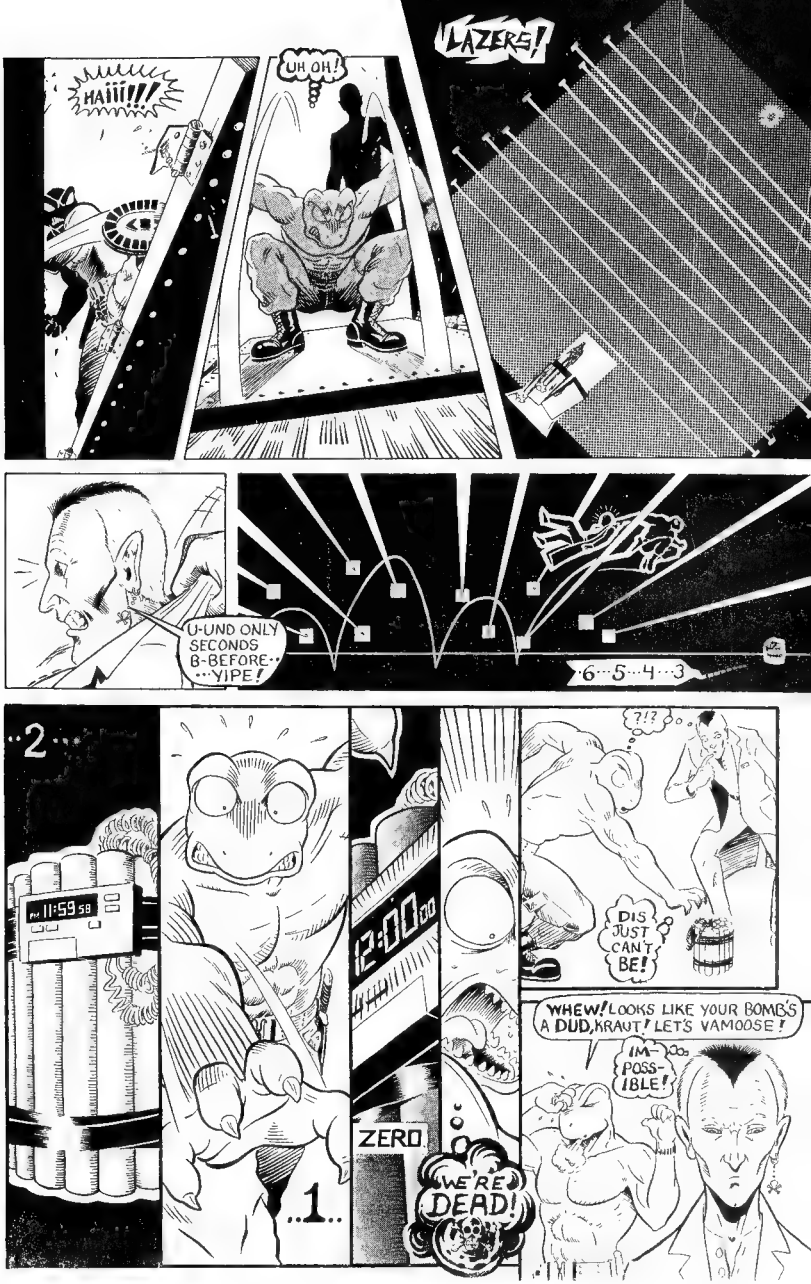
ROGER STEEL-SKULL !! JONES, GRAB THE FLAME-RETARDANT AND FOLLOW ME!

I THOUGHT THE NEW NATO LASER-TANK WASN'T BEING TESTED TIL NEXT WEEK!
YOU KNOW THE BRASS LIKES TO PULL SURPRISE MANUVERS!

WITH ONLY MINUTES TO DIFFUSE THE BOMB, RIVIT'S SMALL BAND SCALES A RIDGE ABOVE THE CAMP (UNKNOWINGLY TRIGGERING HIDDEN INFRA-RED SENSERS!)
WHILST THEY'RE BUSY DOUSING THE FLAMES... ...WE'LL SLIP IN!!
I SURE HOPE THEIR WATER-DOGS ARE CATNAPPIN'!!!
BUT, ALAS...
THEY'RE ON THE HILL!.. HOLD THEM FOR QUESTIONING!!
UH OH! OUR COVER'S BLOWN!! SO, I GUESS WE TAKE THE MORE DIRECT ROUTE!!!


RIGHT ON! THIS'LL BE FAN IDEAL...
...WALL-WASTER!!!
BAM
HEY! WATCH WHERE YA'RE DRIVING!!!
C'MON, HIP... ...HOP TO IT!!
NO TIME TO LOSE!!
SHHH... LETS NOT WAKE EVERYONE!!!
VEE FIND DE BOMB SOON, OR VEE ALL SLEEP FOREVER!!!

A BATTERING RAM COULDN'T DENT DESE DOORS!
HAH! MERE CHILD'S PLAY! STAND BACK, PLEASE!
DO IT TO IT, DADDY-O!
..IT'S HARDER THAN I THOUGHT!
I C-CAN'T...
GOT TO! ERRR...
SHADDAP 'AN WATCH 'DIS!!
RAUGHHH!
SEEP! PUFF BONG! NO SWEAT! SMART!
UNOTHER DOOR! WE'RE DOOMED DOOMED!!
KA-RAZEE!!
KNOTTED SINEW SPITS SHREDDED STAINLESS STEEL IN A SCREAMING SPRAY OF RAZOR-SHARP DEATHRAIN!!

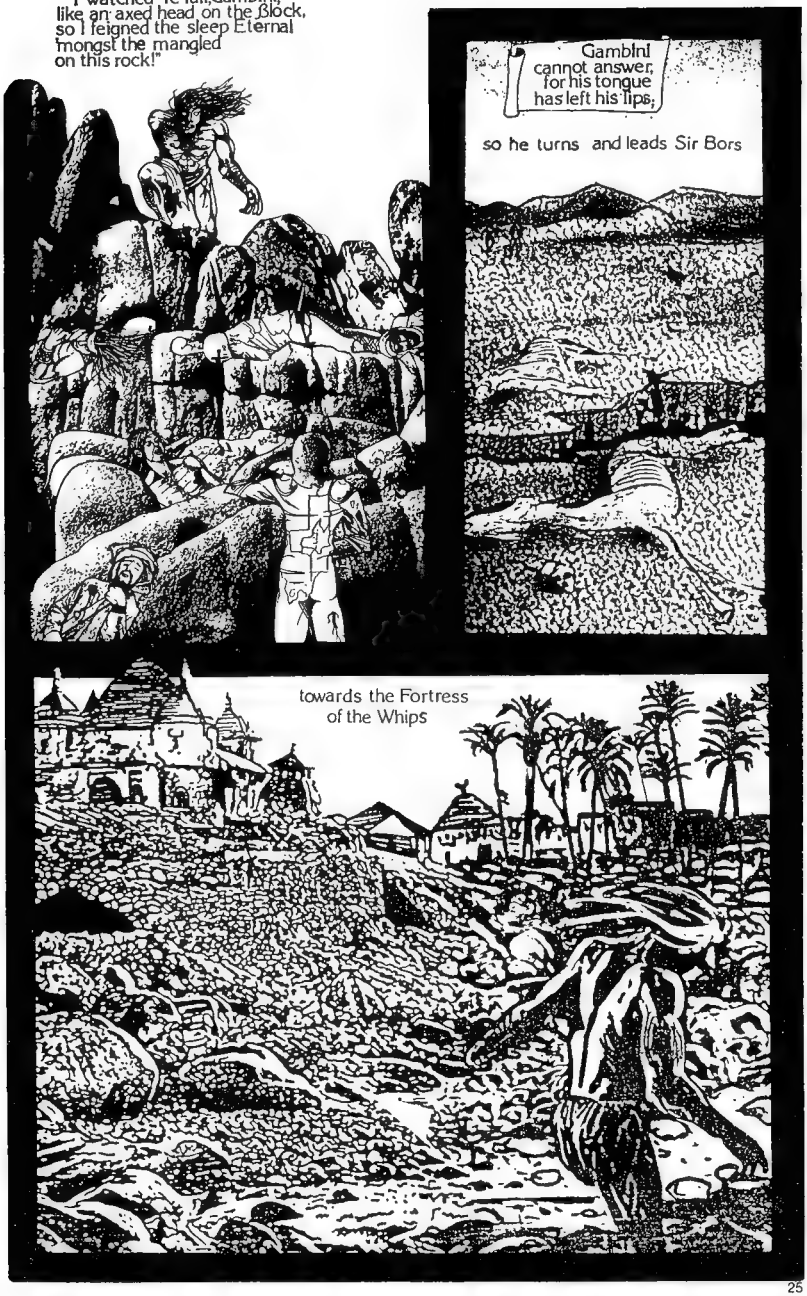

HAiiii!!!
UH OH!
LAZERS!
U-UND ONLY SECONDS B-BEFORE···YIPE!
6···5···4···3
..2..
11:59 58
12:00 00
..1..
ZERO
WE'RE DEAD!
?!?
DIS JUST CAN'T BE!
WHEW! LOOKS LIKE YOUR BOMB'S A DUD, KRAUT! LET'S VAMOOSE!
IM-POSS-IBLE!

11:58 THE NEXT EVENING .....
DRINK UP, KRAUT, WE'RE ALL HEROES!
DONT TAKE IT SO HARD, MAN! LIKE, WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES DAILY!
DAS DAY HASN'T COME VEN I'VE YET MADE A MISTAKE!
DAY?? DAT ZIT!!
WE CROSSED DEE INTERNATIONAL DATELINE AND LOST....
...ONE DAY!
IT VERKS!! IT VERKS!
THIS REALLY BURNS ME UP! BUT, ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, THERES A NICE LIGHT SHOW, AND I CAN FINALLY GET....
...A TAN!!
FIN!

WELL, SO ENDS THE FIRST SOLO RIVIT ADVENTURE. WE'D LIKE SOME FEEDBACK. SO, GET OFF THOSE TOADSTOOLS AND WRITE. RIVITING RESPONSE; % BLACKTHORNE PUBLISHING.

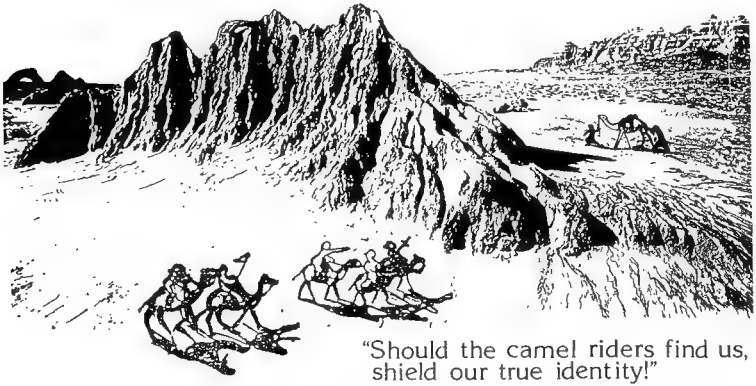
Leiull

Double + Cross
Wicked winds patrol the slopes of freshly seeded DEATHDUNES
The spawn of Saracen ambush starkly broil like pitied Prunes
Painfully one mooning Knight transcends his life's eclipse
And squints through glare...
...up towards the rocks...
...to where Sir Bors now sits
"THE WORKS" Saiuf


"I watched Ye fall,Gambini;
like an axed head on the block,
so I feigned the sleep Eternal
'mongst the mangled
on this rock!"
Gambini
cannot answer,
for his tongue
has left his lips;
so he turns and leads Sir Bors
towards the Fortress
of the Whips

At dusk,oasis foliage parts before a camel's snout
The guards who flank the mammal are quite quickly taken out
"Who dares abort my bathing?"Cries a high-pitched hooded voice
"Tis Thine knights acome to save Thee, all that's left of Europe's choice"
"Save me not! I do command Ye! On the morrow I would wed
with the Sultan of yon fortress and my breasts shall fill his bed!"
"Like HELL Ye will Mi'Lady!"spat Sir Bors across her stare
and with that his new-found weapon whistled flat against her hair

For weeks on end they duly trudge the arid tribal tracts
Their clearly Hellish duty: To bring the Princess back
Praying by the hour to apostate Trinity...



"Should the camel riders find us, shield our true identity!"

But £o! 'Tis steel-encased CRUSADERS, riding high on hairy humps
who now confront the trio as they cool thier weary rumps
The rags they wear were torn from Taureg corpses that they slew
With skin burned black, and water's lack has left them voiceless too

"Tis the Princess!" shout the soldiers "Longtime missing from our ranks!"
"My... abductors..." croaks the girl with all the venom in her flanks

The
Desert's EYE
absorbs
all
liquids,
spurring on
Life's loss
Yet cannot shed one TEAR
upon
her strangest
DOUBLECROSS

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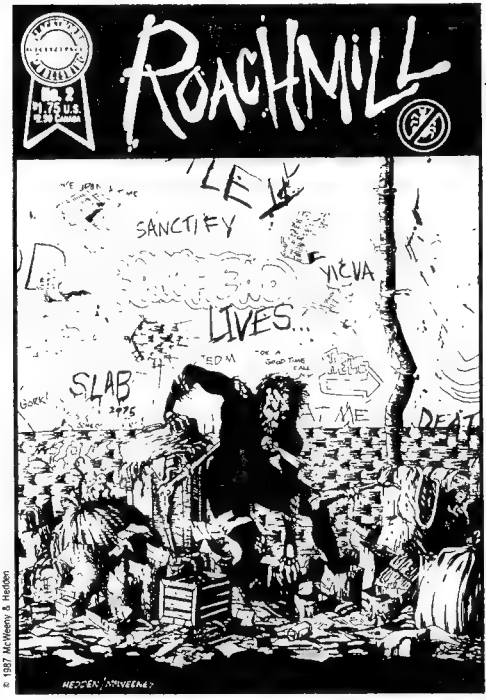

Roachmill, badly hurt and pursued by police, continues to search for leads behind his frame-up. The trail twists and turns through the seemy world of New York in 2998 and onto the most unexpected surprise yet!

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AND HOW WAS YOUR VALENTINES DAY?

Everyone's favorite fuss-pot plays cupid when his little buddy, The Biting Wit, falls in love. Hearts & Flowers. Loves & Smooches. Hogs & Quiches in the Purple Snit's Inimitable Fashion!

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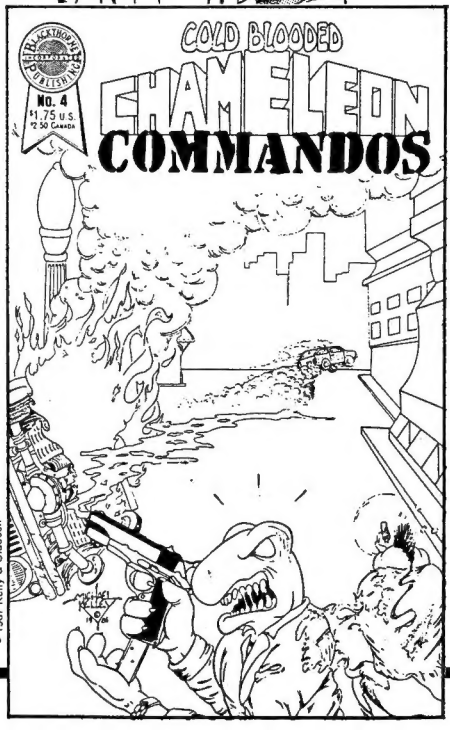

After finding Dr. Poindexter, the commandos must fight their way out of the heavily-guarded compound and avoid being captured by Dr. Wurmhauser who wants to resume experimentation on them.

Pulse-pounding action from cover to cover. Plus, a major change of direction in the lives of the Cold Blooded Chameleon Commandos.

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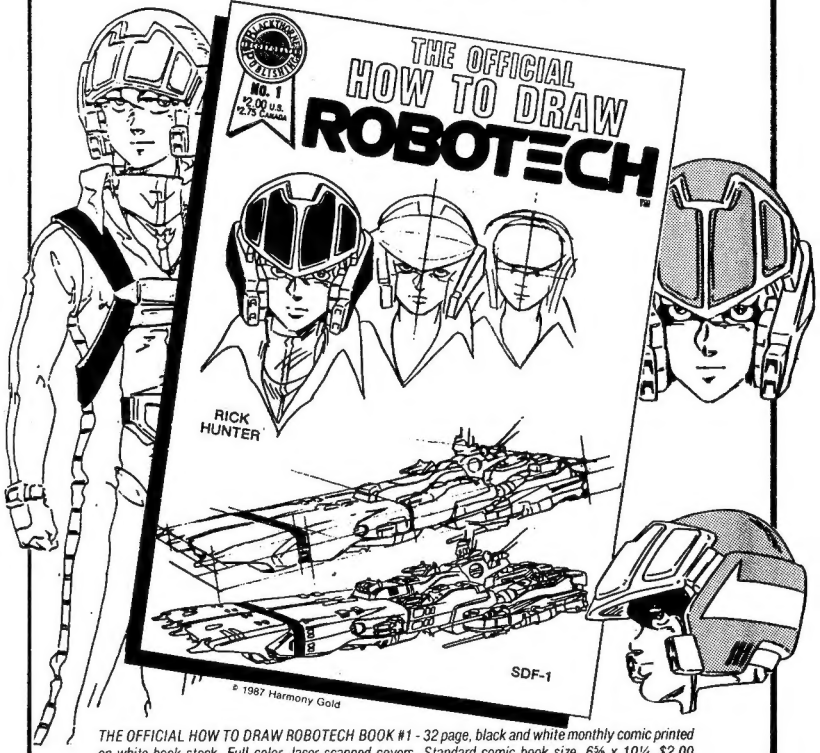

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PART TWO

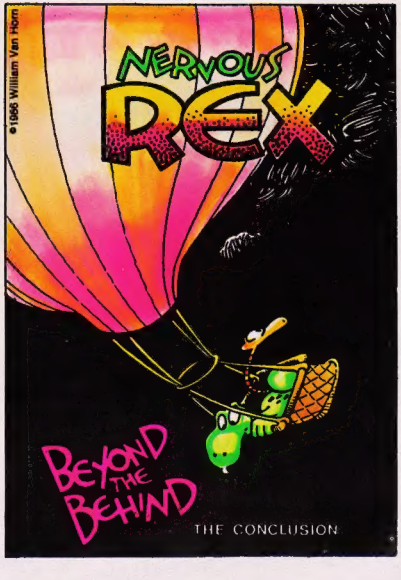
NERVOUS REX #9

The **hilarious** conclusion to REX's two-part adventure in the 20th Century, *BEYOND THE BEHIND,"* begun in issue #8.

REX and FORKIE are "discovered" at the Brown Derby by a movie mogul's bumbling assistant, who mistakes them for a ventriloquist and his dummy, "Worm." Our heroes are promptly whisked off to "7th Century Swine Studios" to become STARS!

All heck breaks loose on the set when Rex's diguise is blown off by a wind machine. Panic ensues when the cast and crew discover..."He's a dinosaur!!!"

You'll have to pick up a copy of *NERVOUS REX #9* for the exciting and zany ending to *BEYOND THE BEHIND, The Conclusion.*



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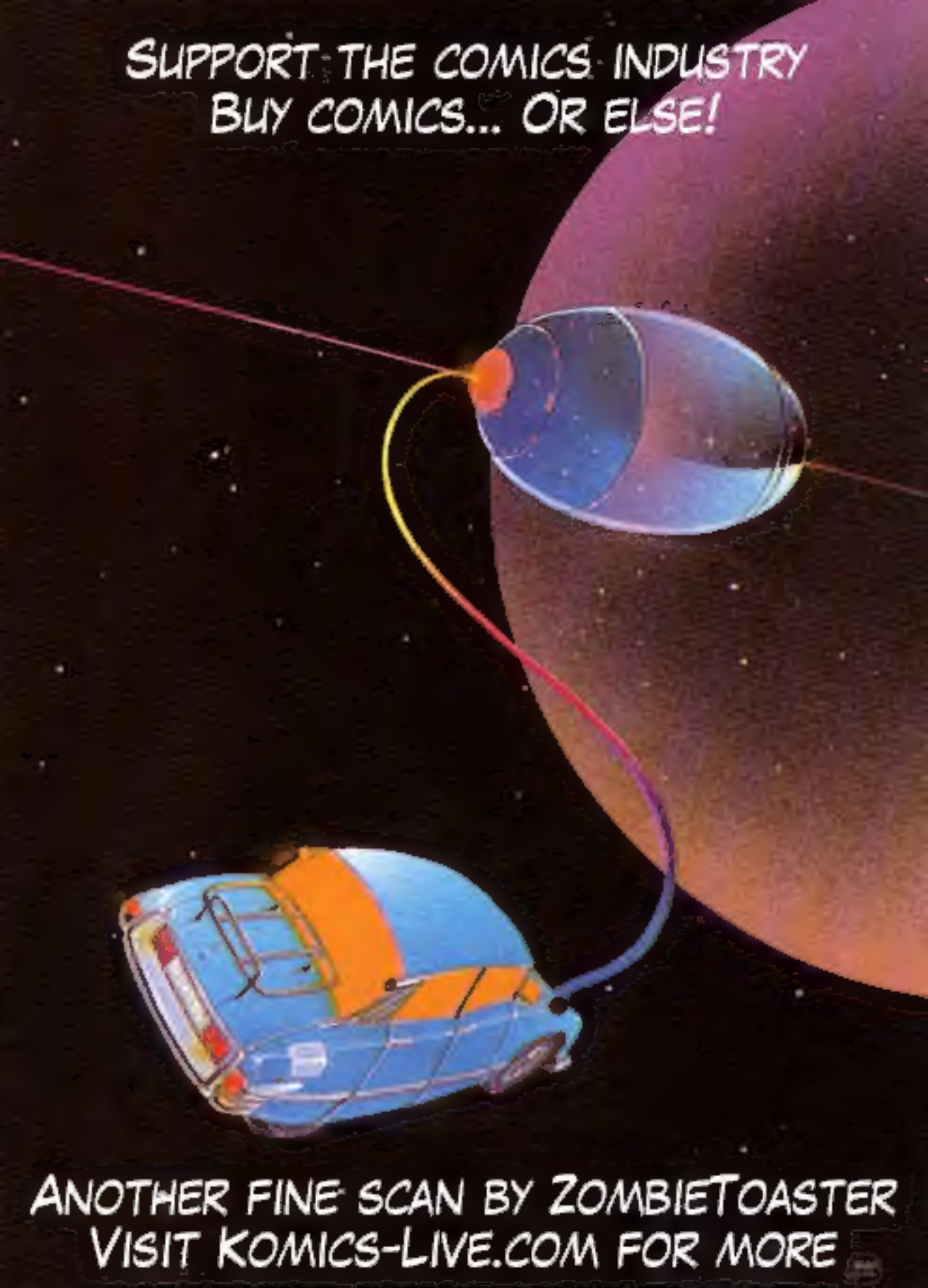
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